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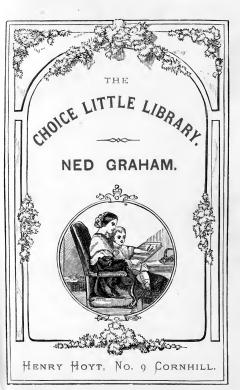
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NED GRAHAM,

AND

OTHER STORIES.



BOSTON:
HENRY HOYT,
No. 9 CORNHILL.

ROCKWELL & ROLLINS, PRINTERS,

122 Washington Street, Boston.

NED GRAHAM.

TOP, Ned; come right up in my room, and I will

show you what I got for Christmas," cried Frank Harwood to his friend, Ned Graham, one bright afternoon in holiday week, as he heard Ned's

voice in the lower hall, inquiring for him.

Ned gladly obeyed the summons, and came springing up the stairs three steps at a time—boy fashion—until he reached the third floor, where he found Frank awaiting him, and soon they were deep in the wonders of all the treasures Christmas had brought to young Harwood.

"Hollo! here's a jolly pair of skates. Frank, who gave you these?" said Ned, his eyes lighted on a famous pair of "rockers."

"Oh! grandma gave me those," said Frank, looking up from a puzzle he was preparing to perplex Ned. "Let's go out and try them; it's splendid skating up on Deer Hill Pond," said Ned, who was an enthusiastic skater.

"Agreed," said Frank, "only, Ned, just look at this Chinese puzzle once; it's the greatest trick you ever saw. Grandma gave it to me, because she heard me admire one I saw down at Maplewood when I went with her there last winter."

"I wish I had such a grandmother," said Ned. "Grandma Lee is spending the winter with us, but oh, dear! she is always sick almost, and it's 'Ned, do be quiet,' or — 'Edward, you are making grandma's head ache,' or else she keeps me running of errands for her from morning till night. I do believe, when she's well enough to be about the house, she loses her spectacles forty times a day, and if I am there I am the one to have to hunt for them."

"Well, Ned, I dare say when ' you and I have to wear them we shall be just as badly off," said Frank, who had been always taught to be respectful to his grandmother, and disliked hearing Ned talk in this careless way. "I remember father's saying to me one day when I grumbled about something grandma asked me to do for her, 'Take care, Frank; you will be sorry for that when you cannot make up for it;' and I suppose he meant if

grandma should die I should wish I had done more for her."

"Oh, well, Frank, don't preach any more to me; I did not mean anything," said Ned, who was more conscience-stricken than he chose to confess, for he knew how often he had complained, not only of but to his Grandma Lee. "Come along, and try the skates before dark. Come round by my house, and I'll get mine, and then we'll have a race on the pond. I'll come back this evening and try my hand at the puzzle."



soon at Ned's door; but Frank waited a long time before Ned came out, his usually good-natured face overclouded.

"I can't go, Frank," said he;

"grandma won't let me. I think it's real mean of her."

"Whew!" said Frank; "look out, Ned, what were we just talking about?"

"Well, I do," said Ned; "if father or mother were at home and forbade me, I wouldn't mind; but it's only grandmother."

"Where are your father and mother?" inquired Frank.

"They have gone to New York to spend New Year's Day," said Ned; "and grandma says I must not go skating till they come back."

"Oh, well, that's only a couple of days more," said Frank, "and skating will keep that long, I guess. Won't your grandma let you go back to tea with me, and we'll have a good time?"

"I hate to ask her; she's mad at me, I guess," said Ned, putting a boyish interpretation on the grieved look his grandmother had given him, as he slammed the door after him in his wrath at her gentle but decided refusal of his request.

"I will go and ask her," said Frank; and in a few minutes he was in Mrs. Lee's presence, cap in hand, and in a gentle, respectful voice, asked if Ned might go home with him and spend the rest of the afternoon and evening.

"Certainly," said Mrs. Lee; "if Edward had waited a moment I should have told him he might go anywhere but out skating; his father left me a very strict charge to forbid him that; but Ned seems to think it just one of grandma's notions," and the old lady smiled pleasantly.

"Ned, I think your grandma is real pleasant," said Frank, as the boys walked off together a few minutes afterward.

"That may be," said Ned; "but she's awfully strict with me when father's away, I tell you. Hollo! Charley Stephens," he cried, as he saw a fellow-schoolmate about to turn a corner before them. "Been up to the pond skating?"

"Yes," said Charley; "but it's not very good, and I promised

father to go home if it was not safe. Dr. Leslie came by there just now, and he told us if we skated much longer we should need him, for the ice was so poor there was danger of our falling in any minute."

"Why," said Ned, "Dick Styles told me this morning it was capital."

"It might have been then, but it isn't now," cried Charley, as he disappeared in the distance.

"I'm glad we did not go, Ned; we should have had our walk for nothing," said Frank.

"Yes," said Ned, "I'm sorry I made such a fuss about it with grandma. I'm afraid she'll tell father, and I shall get a famous

lecture from him. Heigh-ho! I think sometimes I'd like to live on a desert island, where I couldn't get into scrapes with people."

Ned soon forgot his troubles when he got into Frank's pleasant room, and the boys busied themselves happily until tea-time.





HEN they ljoined the family in the diningroom, N e d could not help noticing Frank's

attention to his grandmother, and contrasting it with his own conduct at home, and he resolved to follow the good example set by his friend.

Accordingly, when he reached home about nine o'clock, instead of rushing up to his own room, as

usual, he went to his Grandma Lee's door and knocked gently. He heard voices within, and directly who should open the door but his father, while by the fire sat his mother and grandma, looking over some tempting brown-paper parcels, such as are very commonly seen about the holiday season. This was indeed a surprise to Ned, and even while he greeted them affectionately, he could not help wondering if grandma had told them of his unmannerly conduct, and regretted that he could not have commenced carrying out his new resolutions before his father and mother returned.

"Well, Ned," said his father,

"we surprised you, didn't we? We did not find New York half as pleasant as home; so we thought we would come back and spend New Year's with grandmamma and you."

"Yes," added Mrs. Graham, "papa bought out New York the first day, Ned, so he hurried home to dispose of his parcels, and, if he hears a satisfactory account of you, he says he will take you back with him next week, for he has to go then."

It was Ned's special delight to go to New York with his father, for Mr. Graham always went everywhere with him to visit the objects of interest in the city, and these were numberless. This year Ned had been prevented from going as usual, by an attack of whooping-cough, and had given up all hope, when it was decided that his mother should accompany his father for the holiday visit, as Mr. Graham rarely went more than twice a year.

Ned instinctively glanced at his grandmamma, but she only smiled at him, a little sadly it is true, but yet showing no intention of betraying his rude conduct.

"You will enjoy that very much, Edward, will you not," she said, gently; and before he could reply, she said to Mrs. Graham, "Ellen, did you execute my commission, for Edward in New York?"



"Yes, two of them, mother," answered Mrs. Graham, opening her

travelling-bag as she spoke, and handing Mrs. Lee two parcels, one considerably larger than the other, evidently a book, while the second one was small and flat,—possibly another book, Ned thought, as he eagerly watched his grandmother unfolding the parcels.

First, from the smaller one, grandmamma removed cover after cover of soft tissue paper; then a tempting morocco case appeared, and when that was opened, a beautiful watch was seen, busily ticking away in its little velvet hiding-place, with Ned's initials engraved on one side of it, and within, "From Grandmamma, Christmas, 1866."

"Here, my child, here is some-

thing I hope you will keep all your life long, to remember me by; and then," she added impressively, laying her hand upon the other parcel, "this shall now teach you to enjoy eternity, when time shall be no longer."

It was a handsome Bible, with clear print, bound in an elegant, but durable manner.

"I will keep this, Edward, and mark some texts in it for you," said grandmamma; "but the watch you can take with you now;" and, as she spoke, she threw the chain over his neck, and placed the watch in his hand. "There, you will have no excuse to-morrow morning for being late at breakfast," she added, play-

fully, as Edward stood silently before her, not seeming able to say one word, though his face showed signs of great emotion. At length he could bear it no longer. "O grandmamma, you are too good to me," he cried; "you know I do not deserve these beautiful presents!"

"Father," he said, turning to his father, who was looking on in great surprise at Ned's unusual emotion, "father, you do not know what a bad boy I have been since you went away. I have been angry with grandmamma, and rude to her, and if it had not been for Frank Harwood I should have disobeyed her this very afternoon, and you too, and gone skating, when you both

forbade me; and she has been just as patient with me as she could be, and never been the least cross with me, and she did not even tell you about me, as I thought she would, and all the while I have been so bad to her she had been planning all these surprises for me, and gives me what I wanted more than anything in the world."

"I don't deserve them, grandmamma, I can't take them," he continued, impetuously, turning to Mrs. Lee, who sat wiping the tears from her eyes, while Mrs. Graham was no less moved by the scene; "at least not until I am a much better boy than I am now;" and, placing the watch and the Bible both in his grandmamma's lap, he rushed upstairs to his own room and threw himself on the bed in great excitement of feeling.

"What does this mean?" said Mr. Graham, as the door closed after Ned. Grandmamma, in a few words, explained to him all that had happened during his absence. "It will be a good lesson to him," said his father, as she paused in her recital.

"Yes, mother, I think you have heaped coals of fire on his head," said Mrs. Graham, rising as she spoke, and following her penitent boy to his room, and there with many tender words and faithful counsel such as only a mother's



loving heart knows how to use, she made clear to him his fault, and yet made him feel that he might overcome it.

"In this New Year, make this one resolution, and try to keep it," she said to him as she kissed him goodnight, "always be patient with grandmamma, and remember her kindness to you when you did not deserve it."

Before another New Year dawned, Ned's grandmamma was in Paradise, but her last days were made happy by his thoughtful care and attention; and all his life long Ned will never open the Bible his grandmother gave him, or use his pretty watch, without remembering the lesson of filial reverence they taught him.

"Frank," said he, one day, as he and his friend Harwood were coming from school together, "you do not know how much I miss grandmamma since she died, and I often

think of what you told me when I was so angry with her once, that I might be sorry when I could not help the harm I had done. As soon as I began to treat her as I ought, I began to love her dearly, and now I really dread to go into the house, I miss her so."

"Yes, indeed," said Frank, "I do not wonder, Ned; my grandmamma is almost the best friend I have in the world, and I believe my heart would almost break to lose her."

"Oh," said Ned; "how could I, how can boys ever be so ugly and disrespectful to old people! I feel now as if I wanted to help every one I see, in memory of my dear old Grandmamma Lee."

DANIEL'S YOUTH.

SUNDAY. God is the judge; he putteth down one, and setteth up another. — Ps. lxxv. 7.

MONDAY. The king's favor is toward a wise servant. — Prov. xiv. 35.

TUESDAY. Oh, satisfy us early with thy mercy.

— Ps. xc. 14.

WEDNESDAY. But I keep under my body; lest that by any means I myself should be a castaway.—1 Cor. ix. 27.

THURSDAY. Flee also youthful lusts; but follow righteousness, faith, charity, peace with them that call on the Lord out of a pure heart.—2 Tm. ii. 22.

FRIDAY. How much better is it to get wisdom than gold. — Prov. xvi. 16.

SATURDAY. The wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be intreated. — James iii. 17.

- 1. Tell who Daniel was, and how he came to Babylon. DAN, i. 1-3, 6.
- 2. For what purpose was Daniel chosen by Nebuchadnezzar? DAN. i. 4, 5.
- 3. What did Daniel ask the prince of the eunuchs?
 DAN₄ i. 8-10.
- What did he then propose to Melzar? Dan. i. 11-14.
 - 5. What was the result of the trial? Dan. i. 15, 16.
- 6. How did Nebuchadnezzar receive them at the end of the three years? DAN. 1. 17-20.
 - 7. In what was Daniel an example to the young?

In his early piety. It grew in a situation where it had no advantages, and many difficulties to overcome. He showed his obedience to God's law—temperance—amiability—diligence in his studies.

THE THREE PURPOSES.



ANIEL purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself."
This, my dear boys, explains all that Daniel that Daniel

became; — this is the root of the matter; it was this "purpose in his heart," carried out, that made him good and great; he purposed in his heart that he should not sin.

Most boys are fond of laying plans; they have many purposes

for the future. I remember often at school we used to talk of what we would be, what we would do, when we were men. One would be a sailor, another a goldsmith, another a pastry-cook, and another a soldier. I do think the boy who purposed to be a pastry-cook loved sugar, and the intended goldsmith was fond of the glitter of gold. Yet, if I recollect aright, not one of these boys became what he purposed — they never did what they purposed.

I will mark down three kinds of purposes, and tell a story for each.

- 1. A purpose of the head.
- 2. A purpose of the tongue.
- 3. A purpose of the heart.

Henry was the one of my companions who had most purposes in his head. He was a clever boy, about my own age; but he knew it, and never would exert himself. He was careless about his lessons, and never used to look at some of them till he was in the school-room; yet he purposed to gain the first prize in his class. He did not say much about it; but he evidently took for granted that it would easily be his. Weeks and months passed away, and frequently Henry suffered for his carelessness. Boys who were not his equals got and kept ahead of him by their superior application. The master used to tell Henry that he would regret his

negligence; and then, for a few days, Henry's talents were applied, and he regained his place. But it did not last; his indolence prevailed, and again he relapsed. The session drew to a close. Most of the boys now doubted whether Henry would come off first. The competitions took place, and each boy lodged his papers. Henry did exert himself then, but it was too late. Before the assembled school the names of the successful competitors were read. Henry's name stood third, — his purpose was not of the heart, but just of the head, and nothing came of it. He purposed, but he did not do.

There was another boy, older



than Henry, at the school, whose purposes were all on his tongue. You never could be long beside him without hearing him tell what "he could do," It did not matter who you were speaking of, or what they had done, Richard could do more. Little boys, the first week they were at the academy, looked up to Richard with much reverence, for they believed what he said of himself; but the second week they knew him better; for though his tongue spoke of great things, he did very little; and, in a short while longer, they found out that Richard was a boaster, a vain-bragger, who gave his tongue all the work that his head, feet, and hands should have done. All his purposes were on his tongue, but he never performed them.

James Ferrier was very unlike either of these boys; his father was a poor man, and James was despised by many of the boys when he came among them, because his jacket was coarse, and his dress clumsily made. But he cared not; quietly and calmly he took his seat in the class where Henry was, and though he had been two years shorter time at Latin than the other boys of the class, it was he whose name stood first on the list, when Henry stood third. He had no tutor at home to help him; he had far to walk to the class; and his time for his lessons was shortened by duties he had to do at home. Still James succeeded, because he had a

purpose in his heart. He did not think about it, he did not speak about his purpose, but he did it!

Which of these three boys was most like Daniel? Which of these boys is most like you? A purpose in the heart is like a spring of water; you may stem it up at one spot, but it will burst out at another, — it will be done! Let the purpose of your heart be that you will not sin, and you will be great and good too.

FRED'S SQUIRREL.



It was a warm, lovely autumn day at Wexford, and a holiday.

Fred Fay, and his little brother Dickie, set off in high glee for the woods, about a quarter of a mile from their home, taking with them a cage, which they hoped to fill with walnuts. Whenever they went to the woods, they saw gray squirrels running about, and ofttimes had tried to capture one, but the sly, quick little animals had always managed to escape. Today, however, as the cage with its sliding cover half raised, lay upon the ground, Fred saw a squirrel run into it, and, swiftly putting down the cover, made the creature his prisoner.

"Isn't this capital?" he cried to Dickie; "let us go right home with the cunning little fellow. I mean to keep it, and call it Nib."

Dickie was as much excited as Fred, and both hurried home, having a fine time, on the way, trying to keep their struggling captive within the cage.

When they reached the house, they went at once to the room where their mamma was sitting, and, carefully closing all the doors, let the squirrel out. Nib, with his pretty tail curled over his back, ran and climbed about for some time, affording the children immense amusement; and then their mamma told them they had better take it back to the woods. They begged to be allowed to keep it;

but Mrs. Fay could not consent to this, and they set off again to restore the tiny frightened creature to its own home among the high nut-trees. Fred proposed that they should shorten their walk by passing through the garden of Mr. Evans, a gentleman whose summer residence was at Wexford, but who was now, with his family, absent for the winter. In the garden, the boys stopped at a small, close, empty hennery, and Fred said, -

"I mean to put Nib in here, and bring him nuts and apples every day."

"But," replied Dickie, "mamma told you to take it back to the woods."

"That was because she didn't want it at home; but she'll not mind my keeping it here, where it can't trouble any one; and I'll go this way to school every morning."

"Sha'n't you ask mamma?" in-

"Sha'n't you ask mamma?" inquired Dickie.

"Yes, of course," rejoined Fred. But when they again drew near

But when they again drew near their home, the elder brother pulled Dickie aside, and said,—

"I don't think I'll tell mamma, yet, where Nib is. I'll see, first, how I get along taking care of it; perhaps I shall get tired of it, and carry it back to the woods after a few days. So don't tell where I've put it, unless you have to."

The children found a visitor with

their mamma; and, Mrs. Fay's attention being thus engaged, she only asked if they had restored the squirrel to the woods without trouble.

"We didn't have any trouble with it," replied Fred.

And then his mother told her guest about the boys' capture, how funny the pert little squirrel acted in the house, and that the children wanted to keep it; but she had thought best that they should restore it to its wild native home, where it could be happy in its own way.

For some days, Fred regularly visited and fed the squirrel, and Nib, whether contented or not in

his narrow abode, seemed to be thriving. But, then, Fred became sick with the scarlatina; his little brother took the complaint from him, and both were confined to the house for a week. During this illness, Fred often thought of his dear Nib, and worried lest it should starve to death. His only hope was that the squirrel, growing desperate through hunger, would find or make a way of escape from its prison. As soon as he was allowed to go out of doors, he ran in breathless haste to the hennery, with walnuts and fir-cones filling his pockets. But alas! no sooner had he reached the place, than his eyes fell upon poor Nib - lying dead upon the ground. Sorrowfully the little fellow buried his pet, then slowly retraced his way homeward, and, longing for relief, told his mamma the whole of Nib's story, bursting into tears when he related that he had starved the sprightly creature to death.

"If you had told me where it was," said Mrs. Fay, "I would have sent and let it out."

"I thought," answered Fred, "that, when Dickie and I were both sick, you had no one to send there, and I—I was ashamed to tell."

Poor little Fred had a dull, unhappy day; not so much because the squirrel was dead, and had been starved to death, as because it was all owing to his fault; and because, as his mother kindly made him see, he had been teaching Dickie lessons of disobedience and deceit.



BLIND ALICE.



H me!" said little Mary Dean, "now it rains, and I cannot go to see Cousin Emma, as I expected, but I must stay cooped up at

home all day. I am sure I am the most unfortunate girl in all the world. Whenever I expect to enjoy myself, or go anywhere, something wrong is always sure to happen. And now it must rain, just when I wanted to go so much. I

am sure it is too bad. Oh, dear! I don't think I shall ever be happy again."

A dark frown gathered on her pretty face, and she was just ready to burst into tears.

Her mother looked up calmly from her work, and said, in a soft voice, "Come here, Mary, and sit by my side."

Mary came forward, though not in a very pleasant manner, and seated herself beside her mother, who talked cheerfully to her until the frown had vanished from her brow, when she said,—

"Mary, did you observe blind Alice at school last Sunday?"

"Yes, mother. She is only a

little older than I am, but she talked so sweetly to my class, telling us how to be good, and to do right, that we all loved her for it. Then she told us so beautifully of Christ's love for us,—oh, I am sure I shall never forget it! But I was ready to cry when I thought she was blind, and could see none of the beautiful sights of the world. How sorry I feel for her!"

"I fear," said Mary's mother, looking gravely and sadly into the face of the child, "that my little girl, too, is blind, — much more so, I fear sometimes, than poor blind Alice."

"Me!" said Mary, opening her eyes wide with wonder. "What



makes you say so, mother? I am sure I can see very well. See, how green the grass looks, and the rain has almost stopped, and — O mother! see there — there is a rainbow,

just as pretty as anything can be. What made you say you thought I was blind? You surely could not have been in earnest?"

"And yet my little girl was blind to all this but a short time ago,—blind to all the beauties of the world,—blind to all the blessings she receives, and to all things besides, save the fact that she was disappointed in a little anticipated pleasure,—was she not, when I heard her complaining so sadly but a half-hour since?"

Mary was silent for some time, and then she said, slowly, "I see, mother; you mean that my heart or mind was blinded to all the blessings I enjoy. Was not that what you meant?"

"Yes, Mary, that is what I meant. If Alice, who sees none of the beautiful things which are everywhere spread out for our pleasure, yet with her mind sees enough to make her happy, and feels in her heart the love and goodness of God, how much more ought my little Mary, who has so many more comforts and pleasures, and enjoys, too, the blessing of sight, - how much more ought she to be thankful for all these things, and to cease to murmur at every trivial disappointment!"

"Yes, I begin to see the things which you wish me to," said Mary,

"and will try to think about them, so that I may no more complain at my little troubles. I know that you mean that I shall see my blessings instead, and will try to remember them when I feel like complaining. But poor Alice! will she never see as I do?"

"I fear not, my child,—not in this world,—but there is another world, where, if she remains good and pure as now, her eyes will be opened, and she will see more beautiful sights than this world affords."

"I know, mother; you mean in heaven."

"Yes, my child. Do you, too,

wish a place there, that you may behold its glorious beauties?"

"Yes, mother."

"Then open your eyes to all that is bright and beautiful around you; cease to complain, and pray to God daily to lead you aright."

And the voice of the little girl was very low and sweet as she answered, "I will try, mother."



THAT LITTLE HAND.



"HE sent from above, he took me, he drew me out of many waters."

Black and blue eyes opened wide with wonder in the bright faces of

the children who had gathered lovingly around old Mr. Elden, as he slowly spoke those words.

"What does he mean, Elsie?" whispered Jane Lee to her cousin. "We asked him for a story, and you know he always has one ready. I hope he isn't going to preach a sermon!"

"Wait, Jenny; we shall see."

"This text," continued Mr. Elden, "always reminds me of an incident of my childhood. When I was a little boy, I had a pleasant company of playmates, and we used to enjoy our sports together, just as you children now do. At the lower part of the village where we lived was a river, and a bridge

across it. We often went there to play, and many times I have stood a long while trying to see the fish as they swam below.

"One day we were playing on the bridge, and one of our number, who had mounted the railing, was watching something in the water, when he suddenly slipped, lost his hold, and fell. We heard his cry, and the splash as he struck the water. We ran to the side of the bridge and looked over. The water had already closed above him, — he had sunk so quickly, - and bubbles were rising where he went down. We were too young to know exactly what to do, and too much frightened even to shout for help.

The little fellow rose once more to the surface, struggling for life, but could only give us a beseeching look, when, with his arms uplifted, as if imploring help, he sunk again.

"We were still speechless with horror; but a kind man had noticed our movements from a short distance, and, suspecting what had happened, was hastening towards us. He soon reached the bridge. Nothing was in sight but one little hand above the water, and that was fast disappearing. We had recovered our voices, and pointing at it, we cried, eagerly, 'There's his hand! Oh, there's his hand!'

"That outstretched hand! I seem to see it now,—I shall never forget

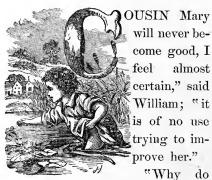
how it looked to me. But our friend waited not a moment. As that hand went out of sight he plunged into the river, and soon brought the drowning boy to the shore. He looked earnestly into the pale face of our playmate as he held him in his arms, and, in a tone of voice that sent a thrill of joy through all our hearts, he said, 'Saved!' Then, turning to the rest of us, he added, 'Boys, I know you will never forget that little sinking hand. Remember, when it comes into your minds, that we are all sinking in a colder and darker place than that river, unless we have asked One to save us, who alone can do it. This boy



will soon recover now, and be able to say that I took him from the river. It is my prayer that he and every one of you may be able to say of another, better Friend, as you think of the dark waters of sin, in which all who do not love Christ are sinking, "He sent from above, he took me, he drew me out of many waters."

"Dear little friends," said Mr. Elden, closing his story, "I trust the prayer of that good man for me has been answered. Will you remember that little hand and the lesson it taught us? Jesus is ready to take hold of those little hands of yours, as you lift them up, imploringly from the depths of sin and evil in this world, and he will bring you at last, not to the shore of such a river, but to the 'Shining Shore.' Will you ask Him to do it.? "

SOWING AND REAPING.



you think so?" said Mr. Harvey.

"It is a whole month since she came to us, and you and mamma have taken pains with her all that time; and I have been as kind to her

as I could; yet she is as naughty and cross as ever."

"But how does that prove that she will *never* be good?" asked Mr. Harvey.

"Because all our teaching and kindness have no effect upon her," replied the boy. "She broke my humming-top, and pulled the mane off my hobby-horse, to-day. Please send her away, papa."

"Are your stocks in flower yet, William?"

"No, papa; but what has that to do with Mary?"

"When did you sow the seed?"

"Only a month ago."

"A whole month! Oh, pull them all up."

"Papa, they have not had time to flower."

"As much time as the seeds we have tried to sow in Mary's heart."

"I see it all, papa; we must wait God's time," exclaimed William.

"And pray for the rain, and dew, and sunshine of the Spirit," added Mr. Harvey.

"Poor Mary! I was weary of her," said William.

"Let us not be weary in well-doing, for in due season we shall reap if we faint not," said Mr. Harvey. "This is sowing-time,—reaping-time will come."

WHICH WAS WISEST?

FIRST CHILD.

I am seeking for the flowers
Which are hiding in the wood;
For the shining purple brambles,
So beautiful and good!
For it is so sweet and pleasant
To be roaming here all day,
With the turf beneath my footsteps,
And sunshine on my way.

SECOND CHILD.

I am climbing up the mountain,
And I could not idly seek
For the pretty flowers and brambles,
Wherever they may creep.
I am climbing to the summit,
And I look with pity down
On your vain and useless labor

THIRD CHILD.

To win a daisy crown.

I am seeking for the blessing
Of the mighty Lord of Heaven;
I have heard that it is often
To little seekers given.
I must labor in the city,
And no woods nor hills are there;
But the treasure I am seeking
Is gathered everywhere.







